



MERRY ENGLAND

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ONE SHILLING]

[MONTHLY.

APRIL, 1885.

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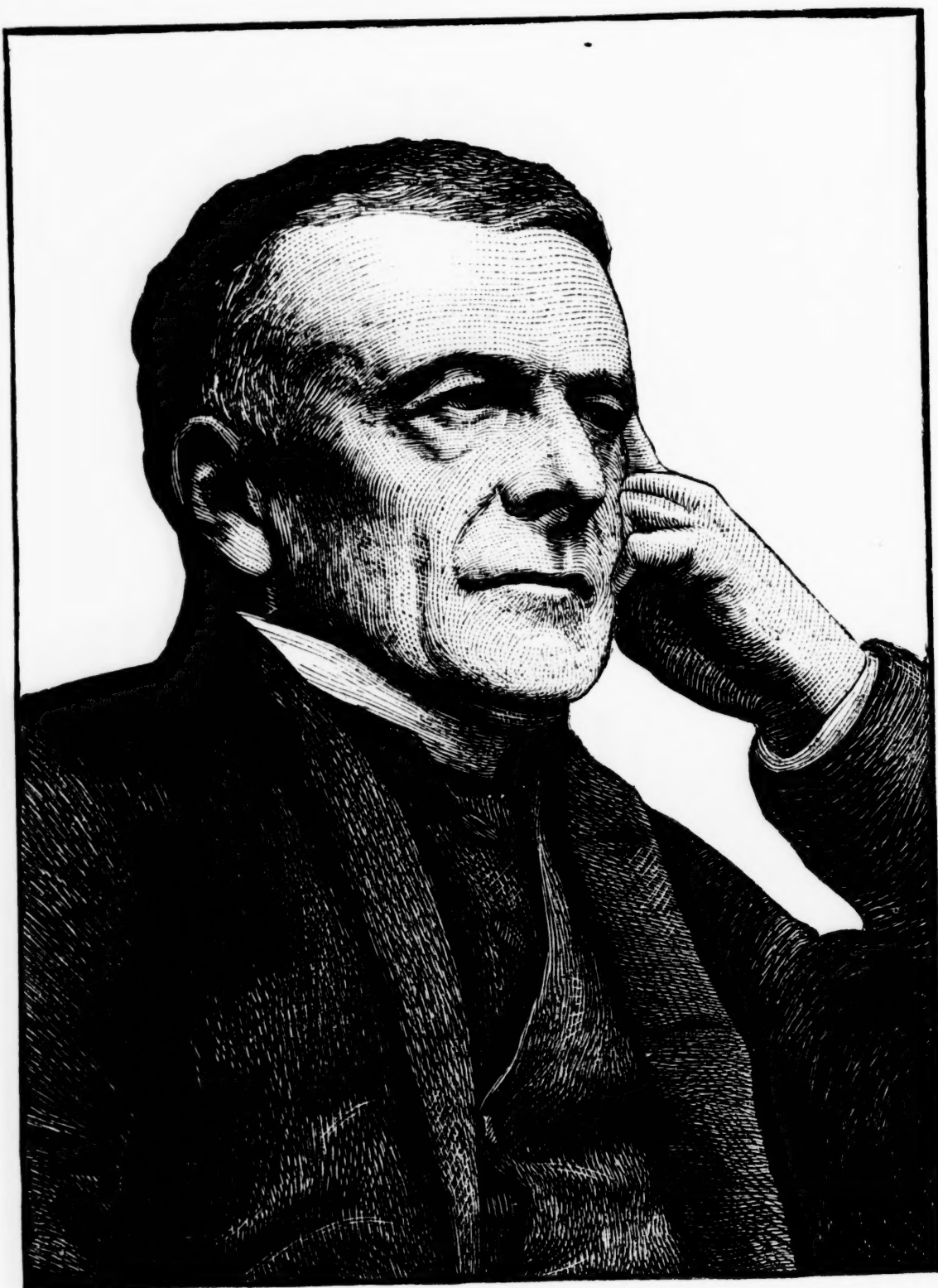
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THE LATE CANON OAKELEY.

MERRY ENGLAND

APRIL, 1885.

Old Margaret Street Chapel.

IT would not be easy to find a building less in keeping with the ideas we are accustomed to associate with great ecclesiastical movements than Old Margaret Street Chapel. It was no imposing edifice where the solemn chant re-echoed through long drawn aisles and the dim religious light was only admitted through stained oriels; but a plain brick building abutting on a dingy street. There was nothing about its appearance in the least degree attractive. Exteriorly it was like an old-fashioned Methodist Chapel of the early days, before Nonconformists had begun to affect Gothic architecture. Although originally named after the street in which it was situated, it came to be popularly termed Margaret Chapel, an appellation which seemed to give it a still more pungent flavour of dissent. Inside, it differed but little from other churches and chapels of the day, being full of enclosed pews and furnished with side and end galleries.

Its situation was not fortunate. Although not far from several leading thoroughfares, and within an easy walk of semi-aristocratic quarters, the immediate neighbourhood was neither busy nor fashionable. Indeed, Margaret Street itself might

well claim to be classed as a portion of dreary London. Moreover the ecclesiastical status of the chapel was not of the highest. It was one of a class of chapels then rather numerous, especially in Central and Western London, but now fast disappearing. There was no cure of souls attached, and they were generally called Proprietary Chapels, as they were not consecrated or finally made over to be used for divine service in perpetuity, but continued to be the private property of the owners. They were barely tolerated by the authorities for the sake of convenience. The clergyman derived his right to officiate from the license of the Bishop, revocable at pleasure, and this was not granted without the approval or assent of the vicar or rector of the parish. Generally the pulpits of these chapels were occupied by popular preachers, as it was necessary that they should be paying concerns. Sometimes the proprietor paid a salary to the minister, and received the pew rents himself, but more frequently the minister rented or purchased the chapel and looked to the congregation for reimbursement and support. A mean building in an uninviting neighbourhood, with the lowest ecclesiastical position possible within the limits of the establishment, Margaret Street Chapel, with all its drawbacks, had nevertheless a charm for many of its frequenters (and the present Premier among them) which they could not find elsewhere in church or cathedral, throughout the length and breadth of the Metropolis.

Certainly it was not the mode of conducting service which formed the chief attraction. Even then at many other churches the service was far more æsthetic and ornate. Indeed, at Margaret Street it was only very rarely that there was choral, or, as it used to be called, full cathedral service. On entering, one was at once struck by the extreme simplicity of all the arrangements. There was a Communion Table, covered by the usual crimson velvet, but without the large crimson cushions or pillows which were common in churches, and in the centre

was a dwarfed wooden cross, of plain wood, such as one would look for in the cell of an anchoret. On either side of the cross was a low candlestick containing a thick wax candle, lighted only at evening service on Saturdays and Sundays and on Saint's days and their Vigils, at morning service on Christmas Day, and during the celebration on Easter Sunday. No vestments were worn but the surplice and black stole, exchanged for the black preaching gown during the sermon in the evenings and on the morning of Good Friday. Just outside the altar rails were two small desks, one for the officiating clergyman, and the other for two little surpliced boys who chanted with him the alternate verses of the Psalms and Canticles, the others being taken up by the congregation assisted by a small choir in the gallery. The chanting was very abrupt, rapid and emphatic. It was a brisk sort of Gregorian, very different in style from anything I ever heard before or since. The prayers and litany were simply recited, very quickly; and there was a choral celebration on great festivals only. The sermon hardly ever lasted more than twenty minutes, and often not so long. There was no imitation of Catholic ceremonies; nothing in the whole service which would now offend as being Ritualistic. So slight was the innovation upon existing customs, that even the opportunity afforded by the use of metrical hymns at the choice of the incumbent was neglected; and except on the greatest festivals nothing but a few verses of Tate and Brady's Version of the Psalms was ever added to the order for morning and evening prayer appointed to be read in all the churches and chapels of England, Ireland, and the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed.

Some little attempt, indeed, was made to observe certain festivals and to mark the course of the church's year. The short candles usually placed upon the altar were exchanged at Easter, Christmas, and Whitsuntide for candles about ten feet high, and above the wooden cross appeared an arch of ever-

greens and exotics. Along the front of the galleries little wax candles were placed alternately with bouquets of flowers on brackets, and some gilded ornaments were added to the altar cloth. During Advent and Lent the candles were never lighted, and at Passiontide candlesticks and all were taken away. The building being thus insignificant, and the service so simple, what was it that drew to Margaret Chapel not a merely local congregation, but one recruited from every point of the compass, and including many persons of eminence?

At that time the Oxford Movement was in full force. Men were alarmed or bewildered, attracted or enraged, as they became conscious of a new influence, an impulse hitherto unfelt, which was urging them or their companions upon an untrodden path. They felt as an army on the march they knew not whither, waging a warfare the objects and results of which they could scarcely estimate. And at Margaret Street the men of the Movement could be seen and heard. Not disciples, not admirers, not proselytes, not fainthearted sympathisers, not timid seekers after a middle way; but the very men themselves with whose words the world and the Church were ringing. Elsewhere in London one might hear faint echoes of the distant fray, but to be at Margaret Street was to be with the vanguard of the advancing host. The lowly chapel and those who laboured within its walls were notoriously intimately associated with the devoted band at Little more and their illustrious leader. In its pulpit or at its altar were seen from time to time most of the principal members of the Oxford party. Thither went the great Regius Professor of Hebrew, who had furnished a nickname to his followers, and thither went William George Ward, the author of "The Ideal of a Christian Church." But among those and many others there was none whose presence created greater interest or enthusiasm, than that of the incumbent himself, the Rev. Frederick Oakeley, Prebendary of Lichfield, and Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford.

Short in stature and halting in his gait, with a rough shock head and homely features deeply lined, and so short sighted that to read he was forced to hold book or manuscript close to his eyes—such was the incumbent ; but if his appearance was not calculated to produce any strong impression, his first word arrested the attention, and the fascination increased with every sentence that he uttered. His sincerity was so evident—however bold and startling might be his ideas, it was so clear that he was determined to follow them out without dread of the consequences, whithersoever they might logically lead—his reasoning was so lucid and his choice of language so exquisite—that, when his sharp metallic voice ceased to be heard, no syllable that had fallen from his lips seemed to have been lost, but all remained clearly fixed upon the mind for future meditation. It was a marvellous art by which he was able to compress within the space of a quarter of an hour matter more copious than is contained in an hour of ordinary discourse, and to do so without being obscure or ambiguous or unpleasantly brief. In after life he changed his mode of preaching and became more diffuse—inevitably, as he discarded his sermon book. The elegant brevity of the Margaret Street days could only with difficulty be compassed by the most practised writer, and in extemporaneous speaking would be absolutely impossible.

I have said that to be in Margaret Chapel was to be in the van of the Oxford Movement ; and it was therefore to be conscious of every forward step and thrilled with every fresh emotion of that enthusiastic time. And now the steps began to be more rapidly taken, and the emotions became more and more exciting. Mr. Oakeley, without distinctly stating that he held them, had claimed as his right as an English clergyman to hold all Catholic doctrines ; and it was said that Bishop Blomfield was much disturbed in mind thereby, and there were rumours of the possible withdrawal of Mr. Oakeley's

license. Mr. Ward had written some astonishing articles in the "British Critic," and in his "Ideal of a Christian Church" had come forward to demonstrate that the Anglican Episcopal Establishment was far from being that Ideal. In consequence the University of Oxford was moved to deprive Mr. Ward of his degree ; and when he went into the pulpit to defend himself, Mr. Oakeley stood by his side, identifying himself with his friend's cause, and adopting his expressions. Mr. Ward lost his case, and was deprived of his degree ; and we saw Mr. Oakeley return to Margaret Street, knowing that there was thunder in the air.

I remember seeing him enter the chapel one Sunday when, instead of passing on into the vestry as usual, he took a seat in the body of the building, where he remained during morning prayer, at which his curate officiated. He left the chapel, however, before the beginning of the Communion Service, and it was whispered that he was too unsettled to participate in that rite. And after the events that had taken place at Littlemore and elsewhere who could be surprised ? Whether Mr. Oakeley's license was ever actually withdrawn by the Bishop of London, I am not quite certain, but he never again officiated in his homely but much loved chapel. When next I saw him, he was in the pulpit of a Catholic church. He had been received at the little chapel at St. Clements, Oxford, just three weeks after the reception of Mr. Newman. Five years later he was appointed to the church of St. John, at Islington, where he remained until his death.

Meanwhile he left behind him in Margaret Street a scared and scattered flock. Some whom he had brought to the borders of the Rubicon, crossed it with him, some lingered for a while, but joined him later on ; a few died while still upon the road ; and some went back or turned aside to walk upon a different path. The curate, the Rev. William Upton Richards, a devout man and of a stately presence, was licensed to the entire charge, and continued the accustomed services. To keep

together the remnant of the congregation, many were invited to give, and others volunteered, their good offices. Among them was the genial and kindly Dr. Blomfield, the Bishop of London, also the Venerable Dean of Chichester, and, more than all, Chichester's renowned Archdeacon, Henry Edward Manning. Who so fitted as the silver-tongued Archdeacon to console those that were cast down, to strengthen the weak, and to confirm the wavering? He was considered to be a model English Churchman, calm, dignified, and judicious, a moderate man, yet possessing the confidence of the most extreme; a pronounced High Churchman, yet not unacceptable to the Evangelicals; thoroughly orthodox without being narrow, and, above all, free from the least taint or suspicion of Romeward tendencies. Such in those days was, in public estimation, the then Archdeacon of Chichester, now Cardinal of the Roman Church and Archbishop of Westminster. Under these and other influences, new lines were laid down, and gaps were filled up. After a while the congregation grew and flourished; and on the spot where the old chapel once stood, now rises the stately and imposing church of All Saints.

But to many, when Mr. Oakeley left Margaret Street Chapel, all its glory had departed, and Ichabod was written upon its walls. It is not long since he himself, having fulfilled the task he had undertaken of completing and presenting to his Archbishop for consecration the noble church in which he ministered until the close of his life, being full of years and honours intoned his *Nunc Dimittis* and went to his reward. And only a few weeks ago was borne to her last home one of the most cherished of his little flock, Lady Georgiana Fullerton. Many others, some well known and loved, had gone before. Round the few that remain the dark shadows of evening are closing; but while life lasts and the powers of memory are retained, they will look back with gratitude and affection to what was, in God's good Providence, to them a foretaste of better things to come.

E. BOURNE.

Selfishness.

GERMAN philosophers distinguish all things into two—*Ego*, and *Non Ego*: I, and Not I: or Self, and Not Self. This seems to be a needless cudgelling of the brains: for the world has been full of this dichotomy from the day after the Fall. It needed no Fichte to tell us. It begins in the nursery. To have the food it likes, and not to take the physic it does not like; to be first served, first thought of and incessantly petted and spoiled: this is the first working of the *Ego*. There are some children who can talk of nothing but themselves and their own playthings. And there are parents who make playthings of their children, and encourage their talk of self, little thinking of the life-long mischief and haunting misery they are laying up in the child's *Ego* and for every other *Non Ego*. Such characters grow up obtrusively selfish in every advance of age, and in every condition of life. They are habitually self-conscious; that is, self is always uppermost in their mind. They think that everybody is looking at them, noticing them, watching them. They can do nothing simply; in tone, and manner, and gait, and talk, they are always in *falsetto*: they can never forget themselves. If they sing, they are thinking of how they sing, how they look, what people think of them. If they talk, they forget what they have to say, in thinking of how to say it. They are thought to be affected. But affectation is the deliberate putting on of something which is not natural. This self-consciousness is a second nature, and is not affected or put on. It is like the shirt of Nessus, which clings so close that it cannot be put off; or, in truth, it is a kind of possession: a self within themselves: a double consciousness, in which self reflects itself like the face in

a room of many mirrors, which reflect and multiply the person. This is one kind of selfishness which is its own dire torment.

Another form of selfishness is what we call self-seeking ; that is, whatever we do or say is always foreshortened against self. Self is behind it in some form. Men go into trade, to enrich themselves ; or into public life, to raise themselves ; or to the Bar, to distinguish themselves. All this is downright straightforward and perceptible. It is in some degree their avowed motive, and the world does not blame them. But, there are more refined ways of self-seeking. Some people will do little good in secret, but lose no chance of doing what has notoriety. They are profuse in consoling sorrows that are well advertised, and in doing services to those who in turn can do more for them. It is a dangerous thing to accept gifts : for two days after come requests. Sudden and unlooked-for acts of generosity are often very expensive, and cost us much in the end. Such friends have been approaching us by parallels, and investing us by zigzags.

Successful men who go on through life, in steady advance from post to post of trust, or power, are generally thought to be selfish, and to have made self-advancement their end in life. It often may be so, but not always. Adventurers who without antecedents, or fitness, or congruity of state aim at advancement, may reasonably be thought to have self in view. But, it often happens that a man's whole career is contained in the first step : and that step is not only not determined by self-seeking, but by a reluctant sense of duty. A man enters a marching regiment, and is sent on foreign service : after long years of mountain warfare in India, he comes home to be sent off again and suddenly, to fight with Zulus or Boers. His seniors in command are cut off by fever, or shot down in battle ; he has to lead his regiment under fire, and his services bring him to a chief command. Nobody accuses such a man of ambition. The same is true of the Bar, and of Parliament,

and of other callings. He may have been seeking himself ; but he may have been seeking only to do his duty with all his conscience, and to serve his country with all his strength. They who seek themselves in any profession, rarely do either of these things. They have great rewards for little service ; and are known rather for what they gain for themselves, than for what they do for the good of others. They have prospered ; but the welfare of their country has not advanced.

In these days, it is assumed that every man ought to aim at the highest degree of self-culture in letters or science or personal excellence : and in this it is thought that selfishness has no place. But the definition of pride is an inordinate desire of one's own perfection. Perhaps there is more of selfishness among men of culture, than in other ways of life. They readily combine into mutual-admiration societies. No men are more sensitive, eager, and jealous, than those who give their names to inventions, or stake their reputation on discoveries, or identify their reputation with theories of criticism and of metaphysics. Their warfare is internecine, neither asking nor giving quarter. If their discoveries turn out not to be new, or their invention to be already found out, life is over. Their *raison d'être* has ceased. Why should they live, if we do not descend from apes or spring from bathybios ; or, if we have a will ; much more, if matter does not think ; and still worse, if men have souls ? So much for science ; but for personal excellence, can any man cultivate himself too much ? No man can indeed cultivate charity, humility, self-forgetfulness, unselfishness, too much. The more he does so, the less of self will remain in him. But then he will cultivate himself, not for himself, but for duty, and for shame at his own lower life. To such a man, admiration of himself, and assumed superiority over others, will be morally impossible ; because he never dreams that he is even on a level with other men, and

always believes them to be better than himself. There is no self here. But, he may indeed cultivate himself with the intensity of a Brahmin, receding steadily from humility, charity, and self-forgetfulness, and becoming daily more occupied with his own perfection, more critical of the faults of others, and more full of a priggish excellence which is self-conscious, human, and pharisaic. This is what is meant by self-worship.

Once more, there is now springing up among us a new and perilous kind of selfishness, which consists in a love of refinement, art, and beauty. It is attractive and fascinating, sentimental and sensuous, soft and self-indulgent. It shows itself in fantastic dress, exquisite manners, costly furniture, studied selection of food and drink, ease of life, avoidance of trouble, self-sacrifice, self-denial. Such men live among their fellows with a refined hardness of heart, a stony selfishness, feeding on ambrosia while death reigns over mortals, like the gods of Epicurus.

We can only give one more instance of selfishness. There are those who weep away their lives in self-pity. Everything goes wrong with them : everybody disappoints them : everybody is unjust to them : everybody is cruel. Nobody sympathises with them. They are not appreciated in society ; and least of all at home ; and worst of all, they have to suffer from the strange want of common kindness in their nearest kindred and their oldest friends. Does it never occur to such mourners, that as they so crave for sympathy, they ought to give it ? And that, because they give so little, they cannot perceive that self in them is so enlarged that it hides everything, even itself, from their sight ? If only they would forget themselves for twenty-four hours, they would be exorcized of a *cacodæmon*.

How rare, and how beautiful is the self-forgetfulness of the poor, and the simple, and the single-hearted, who look out of their eyes upon all around them without thought of their own existence ; who do what is right, because it is right, and what

is kind for kindness' sake, conscious of the sorrow and sufferings around them ; bearing their own in silence, thanking God that they are neither more nor heavier ; and losing all thought of self in the duties of the day, and in the unselfish service of all who need them.

HENRY EDWARD,
Cardinal Archbishop.

The Death of Gordon.

GORDON, loved brother of these boundless realms,
 Had we remembered, in the early days
 When first thy name gave promise to the world,
 How all things great but tend to their decline,
 Then, mindful of the inevitable hour,
 A kindlier twilight might have ushered in
 This night of sorrow. Rising suns must set
 And bluest skies must darken ; fame itself
 When reaching to its zenith but conceals
 A mourning garb, though armoured in the light
 Of golden days. Yet, at thy sudden fall,
 Had thy firm soul a moment staunch'd the wound,
 And, by one look, before thy eyelids closed,
 Told us that death was still thy last desire,
 Some solace had it left for hearts that bleed,
 Eager to help, to save thee ; to defer
 Thy passing hence to thy new victory,—
 Too dearly gained ! Even by the hopeful years
 Thou might'st have lived, now seem our lives too long,
 Death so infects us. Though we stay awhile,
 We pause at thy dark day ; we follow thee
 Beyond the night, beyond the call of dawn,
 Only to feel at last not heaven itself
 Would wake thee to renew thy life of toil.
 Thou hast endured such burdens, rest is due
 Even to thy love,—the love of troubled hearts
 That bear each other's woe. Then, thy own soul
 Looked ever unto death for its reward ;
 But through the startled hordes from mouth to mouth

Hastes the dread rumour like a pestilence
Sweeping the desert ; beating on their homes
Who in the sultry clime one day are free,
Another, slaves ; even in that favoured land,
The refuge of the angel-guarded Child,
Where once, then dim, the shadow of the Cross
Blessed the bright waters. There the deadly blow
That pierced thy flesh has fallen : the hour is come
That past and future severs, the great past
That closes in the record of thy deeds.

Where is thy magic wand of victory
That triumphed over Self : the strong that held
The scales of justice level, and with sword
Rescued the bondsmen ;—not for man's reward
Lest mercy, tender blossom, feel the blight ?
Yet is there hope when in these better days
Thou, stainless, hast appeared to them who strive,
Journeying for good along the chosen way ;
Who never rest, but, where the darkness is,
Bring love, more welcome than the glimpse of morn,—
Light-bearers of heart-cheering Charity,
Whereby despair from out the spirit's gloom
Once more is gathered to the fold of Hope.

THOMAS GORDON HAKE.

Frederick Le Play.

IN these days of ardent speculation, when it seems to be taken for granted that a powerful intellect can only make itself be felt by the boldness of its theories, and the originality of its explanations of the mysteries of life, it may be well to call attention to a mind of a totally opposite character ; which also deserves to be studied if only in view of the school which has been founded by its labours. I speak of Frederick Le Play, author of the "Réforme Sociale," and the founder in France of the "Unions de la Paix Sociale," of whom a recent French work gives a picture in the most real and agreeable way—by means of a selection from his own private letters to intimate friends. ("Le Play d'après sa Correspondance." Par Charles de Ribbe.)

M. Le Play's claims to the attention of thoughtful men is founded on the fact that he has laid down certain principles to serve as the foundation of all social systems, which, if true, immensely simplify human life. He has applied to social questions the method of observation which hitherto had been reserved for the physical sciences. He did not first elaborate a theory, and then seek for facts to support it. He began life by resolutely refusing to accept of any of the theories of the day, his mind being penetrated by one thought—that there must be some method by which *à priori* ideas could be put to the test. His intellectual bringing-up had been in the School of Mines at Paris, which he entered from the Polytechnic after a brilliant examination. Here he distinguished himself so as to merit the warmest praises on the part of the Director-General of the *Ponts et Chaussées*, who congratulated him on having

obtained in two years a greater number of marks than had ever been gained by any pupil since the opening of the school.

And this young man, in the very opening of life, was seized with the desire to know his fellow-men by employing the method which he had applied with success in observing the structure of minerals. His first idea, then, was to travel, with the purpose of seeing men rather than things. While still at the School of Mines, during the vacation, he made an excursion in North Germany, where he studied not only the mines, the metal-workers, wood-cutters and charcoal-burners of the Hartz Mountains, but the rural population of the Saxon plains; the fishermen of the coasts of Hanover, Oldenburg, and Holland, and the manufacturing population of Westphalia, Belgium and the Rhine Provinces. What he brought back with him, besides a great number of details, was the conviction that there was nothing to invent in social science, but everything to discover, which was to be done by observing the life of those people who had preserved peace and stability. He also learned that to be able to carry out the inquiry he had thus begun, he must first work with himself. If his mind was to become a good instrument, like his hammer, or his chisel, or the other finer tools by which he carried out his mineralogical researches, it had to be prepared by disembarassing it of preconceived ideas and prejudices. If the eyes of the body have to be trained by the informing mind before they know what it is they see, so the observing mind has to be itself prepared for its task by a right intention.

In a spirit of determination therefore to accept whatever truths were presented to him by observation, Le Play continued during several years to make excursions through various parts of Europe; in Spain, Germany, Austria, Sweden and Norway, Belgium, England, Southern Russia, the Danubian Provinces, Italy, and also in the North and South of France. During these travels he evolved the idea of collecting the history of

several families, taken from these various countries and chosen as types out of different industries and modes of life : fishermen, agricultural peasants, shepherds from the Steppes, workers in mines and factories, artisans, peasant-proprietors. He made the home-life and daily occupation of these various populations the objects of as careful a study as ever another man had given to earthworms, or to bees, or to movements of the heavenly bodies. He called these histories monographs, in which everything was noted down from his own personal observation, including a very exact budget of the family gains and expenses, and also an account of the moral and religious systems under which each family lived.

Before very long the social problem took a very simple shape in this student's eyes. There are two wants in man's nature the satisfaction of which is an absolute necessity. The one belongs to his spiritual, the other to his material, existence. The tendency to evil in him has to be checked, and the wasting away of the body has to be provided for ; from which it follows that he cannot do without the moral law nor without his daily bread. The societies which fulfil the conditions of supplying these universal wants are happy and prosperous ; those which fail to do so are suffering and unhappy. The next point Le Play arrived at was that certain institutions are invariably found in one shape or another among all prosperous communities, while they are either wanting or exist imperfectly among the nations and States which are suffering and distracted. These he spoke of collectively as the *essential constitution*, and divided them into three groups, which he called the foundations, the mortar, and the binding material of the social edifice. The Foundations are two, the Decalogue and Paternal Authority ; the first to complete the imperfect nature of man by regulating his free-will, and the second to train the young in the knowledge and practice of this moral law.

The two institutions of the Clergy and of Government or
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Sovereignty are those which he imagined to occupy the place of mortar. He called them complementary, as being needed to carry out the fundamental notions, the mission of the Clergy being to teach the Ten Commandments and religion, and of Government to complete the task which belongs to paternal authority, from which it derives its sanction, in the region of public order.

But there remains the second great want of man to be provided for—his daily bread. The Institutions which Le Play designated *materials* here come in. These are three : organization in communities, by private property, or by patronage. He found the first still in vigour among the pastoral nomades of the Oural Mountains, the Caspian Sea, the Volga, and the Don, and also among the agricultural populations of Eastern Russia. Here the soil, the homesteads, and flocks are all held in common under the patriarchal rule of the heads of families. But such a system, being possible under only peculiar conditions of life, need not be practically referred to by Europeans when dealing with social problems. The inconveniences of this system were clearly seen by Le Play, although the statistics he collected abundantly proved that a large amount of virtue and happiness is found under it.

He accounts for the tendency which exists to transform this condition of things into one in which property is held by individuals, by the unequal pressure of public burdens which is the result of it. The leading members of the community, having heavier charges to bear than the others, are naturally led to prefer the system of individual property : a change which is to the great advantage of society when habits of industry and frugality have been formed and are well-established. But should manners become relaxed and industry diminished, then, as the burdens which the whole community formerly sustained fall separately on each individual, misery becomes the lot of a large portion : of the sick, the ill-conducted, and the careless and idle.

The third Institution, which Le Play designated as *Patronage*, steps in here to preserve the communities where private property is the rule from the evil consequences of pushing the system of individuality to an extreme.

Under this general term Le Play comprehended every kind of social arrangement by which a number of poor families are associated to a rich one, and obtain from it protection and the means of earning their bread. It may take very different forms; but in all there is a more or less close dependence of the one on the other. Sometimes man is connected with his fellow-man, or with the ground he cultivates, by very close bonds, from which he cannot escape. Such was the case for the Roman slave and the feudal serf. There was also a dependence—entirely a voluntary one; as was that of the clients who attached themselves to Patrons in Ancient Rome. Or it may take the shape of a mere exchange of duty and service between the employers and the employed. But then this must be founded on a system of permanent engagements, or else the relationship does not deserve the name of *patronage*, and becomes a mere money bargain.

Le Play's doctrine is absolute on the points of there being no other way to avoid the evil of pauperism, and all the social convulsions that must follow from the existence of a class whose daily bread is not assured to them, but by reverting to the old system of patronage. What he means by that does not involve elaborate legislative change, or theoretic schemes; nor violent attempts to revive systems that have passed away, or to inaugurate new and untried ones. What it does mean, and what he himself practised, is opposition in every way to the economical doctrines of the last century, which brought questions of labour and wages under the law of supply and demand, and thus destroyed the system of patronage. He declares that this was to strike at the root of society itself, for, if the patron or master had no duties towards his workmen,

but was free to pay them the lowest wage and to discharge them whenever it suited his convenience, then would follow pauperism as a national institution, and antagonism between the rich and the poor. Le Play did not content himself with uttering the proposition, "pauperism is a concomitant of civilization," which is generally done when a European is brought face to face with that anomaly—unknown in countries which we esteem to be barbarous.

Le Play gave careful consideration to the kind of organization which would assure the most perfect working of his "Essential Constitution" in all its parts. In his "*Organisation du Travail*" and "*Organisation de la Famille*" he has set forth what he considered the conditions for a state of "Social Peace." In the family he attaches great importance to the system of succession which may prevail. Dividing families into three groups in reference to the laws or customs of succession, he called them the Patriarchal, the Unstable, and the Stable, or *established family*—words by which he intended to convey the idea of a family whose organization provides for its own continuance in a remarkable and original way, which is neither that of the feudal system, from which we get the law of primogeniture, nor that of the Revolution—compulsory division among all the children. This other system leaves the head of the family entirely free as to his testamentary dispositions, with which the law has nothing to do, while by custom it becomes the rule for the father to associate to himself one of his married children, and to entrust to him or to her—for the chosen one may be a daughter—the duty of remaining in the homestead, and carrying on his own occupation or profession, which would apply equally to the case of a rural peasant-proprietor farming his own land, to the manufacturer or merchant, or to any other class. M. Le Play found this system still existing in some corners of France, having been able in some instances to evade the rigours of the Code Napoléon. This was notably the case

in parts of the Pyrenees among the Basque population ; and one of his most interesting monographs is the history of one family in the Commune of Lavedan, which had succeeded in preserving its homestead and its ancient acres intact by firmly adhering to the old custom. The first practical measure which he sought to introduce in France, and for which his disciples still labour, was that of such a change in the law as would admit of this custom being freely adopted by putting an end to the present forced division of property. It is a good example of the peculiar genius of Le Play that what he had in view was as far as possible removed from a restoration of the state of things at the moment of the Revolution, or that which actually prevails amongst us in large landed properties and entailed estates. What interested him was the great mass of the people and their social condition, not that of the upper orders exclusively or principally. He considered that one great and chief cause of the progress of revolutionary ideas, both of the discontent and of the real want and misery that exists, is the instability which the compulsory partition system has introduced into all social life. And this affects those engaged in trade and manufacture even more than the landed proprietors. The *Usine* or the *Fabrique* which some one has created by his own labour and capital, he cannot provide for after his death, or prevent from being scattered to the winds ; for that is often the result of the forced legal partition. This instability acts most prejudicially upon the large class of the workers in these establishments, the *prolétariat*, by preventing those who employ labour from looking further than the profits of the moment. It is quite obvious that the head of a factory who cannot insure its continuance after his own death has no motive to interest himself in the "hands" he employs beyond what may serve his own personal advantage. Thus is effectually prevented the existence of permanent engagements between master and workman which Le Play so much desired. Placed over the Paris International

Exposition of 1867, he introduced into it a new order of merit ; a series of prizes for persons and establishments successful in bringing about good feeling between masters and workmen, and in organizing special institutions for the moral, material, and intellectual well-being of those employed.

M. Le Play's ideas on the general government of societies he has himself expressed in one pregnant sentence : " The model constitutions of the past, as well as those of the present, show us four distinct characters : they are *theocratic* in the world of souls, *democratic* in the commune, *aristocratic* in the province, and *monarchic* in the family and in the State." Le Play did not mean by a monarchical government that an hereditary sovereign was indispensable, but only that there must be a real governor at the head of the State, the limits of whose attributes would be strictly defined by the other co-existing powers. Reversing the Revolutionary idea of the State one and indivisible, who then vouchsafes to confer a small part of its privileges on some smaller bodies created by itself, Le Play follows in the steps of the Ancients, and adopts the universal idea of a Commonwealth composed of units out of which it has grown up. I do not know whether he had ever seen Palgrave's " Rise and Progress of the English Commonwealth," but, being a man of original research, he did not require to have read it to discover in a thousand ways the absolute truth of Palgrave's maxim that the " State is not an integral Whole divided into parts, or not so divided, but a Confederacy of Integers ; and each of these one and indivisible."

Le Play used himself to quote with satisfaction a passage from Descartes' "*Discours de la Méthode*," in which the philosopher speaks of his own first essays in original thought, and describes how he had given up the study of all books from the moment he was his own master, determined to seek only the knowledge which he could discover in himself or acquire from the " great book of the world." Therefore he

employed the rest of his youth in seeing Courts and armies, and in becoming acquainted with men of various characters and conditions. "For it appeared to me," said he, "that I should find much more truth in the remarks which each man makes about the affairs which concern him than in those of a man of letters in his study, in reference to useless speculations, which only touch him in this, that he will probably be the more proud of them the more they are contrary to common-sense. *And I had an extreme desire to learn to distinguish the true from the false, in order that I might clearly judge my own actions, and be able to act with certainty in this life.*" These words are the key to the character of Le Play. They are not so much like him as the man himself. For it was exactly such thoughts as these which inspired him with that power of patient research out of which grew the monumental work which formed the foundation of all his subsequent conclusions. I mean the "*Ouvriers Européens*." His original motive had been to learn to guide his own steps aright. But when he found that he had arrived at positive conclusions which solved for him the great problems of life, and which applied to nations as well as to individuals, he could not remain silent. During eight years he was occupied in working out his own thoughts, and in seeking for the best form in which to present them to his countrymen. He allowed all that time to elapse after the publication of his "*Ouvriers Européens*" before he produced the first edition of the "*Réforme Sociale*," which appeared in the year 1864. What he proposed in this work was to note down the principles and practices of those races and communities which had been free, prosperous, and stable, and then to show wherein the modern systems, especially those followed in his own country, differed from them. This remarkable book is not attractive in its form, from its extreme simplicity and precision of expression. It seems as if, under the sense of the importance of what he had to say, he had shunned all attempts

to clothe his enunciation in any form which might captivate without convincing. What he aimed at was clearness and brevity, and what he produced was a scientific essay and not a philosophical disquisition. This peculiarity of M. Le Play's style, which runs through all his writings, is worthy of notice as rendering an unconscious testimony to the intrinsic value of their contents, since it has not prevented them from becoming the text-book of a new school of thought which counts its adherents among all the various political parties into which France is divided, as well as among eminent men in other countries.

The work when it first appeared was naturally known only to a few. It could not commend itself to the ordinary run of readers, for it struck directly at their cherished opinions. It told them what they did not want to believe, which was that they were on a wrong road, and therefore in danger ; and then it invited them to put themselves, like children, to school again, and to learn from the Past. Still, men so dissimilar as Montalembert and Sainte-Beuve were struck by it, and sought the acquaintance of the author, who had hitherto been known only as the first French Commissioner to the London International Exhibition of 1862. Sainte-Beuve published his impressions, giving a vivid sketch of the character and objects of Le Play, whom he described as belonging to a "new generation," and "the man *par excellence* of modern society, nourished by its life, educated in its progress, in its sciences and their applications ;" as having conceived the idea of a reform, but not of one which took no account of the gains of civilization. He believed that Le Play had discovered dangers, and some seeds of decay, which had to be provided against ; and had not only pointed these out, but, like a wise and practical man, after earnest research and profound study, had laid down the exact method by which the nation could correct itself and save itself in time. Montalembert became enthusiastic. His first impression was that of astonishment. "*J'en suis émerveillé*," he wrote to M.

Cochin, and at once proposed to adopt the book as the programme of their party, without minding the disagreements in detail which might arise. Later on he writes that he was reading again the "*Réforme Sociale*": "I absorb it, I imbibe it, drop by drop, at the rate of four pages a day. In this way I have come to the end of the first volume, in which I venture to think I have let nothing escape me, and, having finished my reading, I do not hesitate to say that Le Play has produced the most original, the most useful, and, altogether, the strongest book of the present century."

But Le Play sought for fellow-labourers, not merely for readers. "I am now spending my life in a search for men. I would go from end to end of France to have a few hours' talk with a man of worth. . . . Let us look out for men, and make a group of the veritable social encyclopædists of the nineteenth century, so that we may undertake with more discernment that which those of the eighteenth century failed to do." (August 14, 1864.)

What he sought for in men was not a mere acquiescence in his own views, but to be penetrated with the same desire for truth and love of integrity. In his friends he looked for thought and criticism rather than agreement, as abundantly appears from passages of a number of his letters, in which he constantly asks them to point out what appears to need correction. He was in the habit of dividing men into two categories, "those who know how to devote themselves, and those who put their own interests before all." Of these latter he said: "A rich and able man, member of a privileged body, who thinks but of himself, and orders his action and his doctrines by the measure of his own personality, is a social scourge, for he occupies the place of a useful worker; he excites the hostility of the inferior classes, which will respect the directing class only when it does its duty."

The writer of the present article knew M. Le Play, and

recognizes in these words the expression of his deepest convictions. He was pre-eminently "un homme de devoir," one of those rare characters the clear simplicity of whose nature cannot be mistaken. He was imbued with convictions, and with an ardent desire to make others share those convictions; not because they belonged to him, but because he held them to be true and necessary to the safety of the State. I believe that his own personality was entirely sunk in his work; that he looked on himself merely as an instrument, and could no more have ceased to labour than he could have voluntarily ceased to live. In this lay the secret of his influence over those who approached him. Not that he himself would have admitted the word as applied to himself. It was the ideas he advocated, he would have said, that influenced men. But which of us are of such a mental build as to adopt or reject propositions as if they existed "unattached"? Men of good dispositions were attracted by Le Play's simple and devoted earnestness, even when the form in which he presented his ideas repelled them, or the ideas themselves gave too great a shock to their prejudices. Thus was formed around him a circle of friends and adherents, though not a large one, principally composed of young men, more open to new thoughts than those already engaged in active life. Of these were formed his real fellow-workers; but amongst the class of politicians there were not a few who were at least so far struck with his ideas as to wish to introduce some changes into the Code in his sense. In 1865 forty-two deputies belonging to different parties moved the Government to introduce a measure which would have served to strengthen parental authority. The next year a much larger number of merchants and manufacturers addressed a petition to the Senate on the same subject, in which they described the evil effect of the law of inheritance on the character of their children, and the difficulties it created for them in carrying on their business.

M. Le Play was a favourite with the Emperor, who seems to have listened to him with great readiness. His singular disinterestedness must have attracted him, in contrast to the corruption with which he was surrounded. To him Napoleon entrusted the management of the Exhibition of 1867, and made him a senator. But Le Play never would accept any public appointment for his only son, avowedly on the grounds of the dangers of public life, and brought him up to carry out his ideas of the value which ought to attach to what we call the "higher classes," to whom M. Le Play gave a formal designation by which he conveyed the *rôle* they were intended to play in his social scheme. He called them "*social authorities*." He accordingly kept his son far from the Court and the Chambers, and established him in a *château* at Ligoure, in the Limousin, his greatest ambition for him being that he should found a family and become a useful country gentleman. M. Le Play has mentioned how much he owed to his having himself refused to enter political life when a young man, before he had seen his way clearly to action.

The success of the Paris Exhibition of 1867, of which he was the real organizer and director, brought him much into notice. I have already mentioned how he succeeded in carrying out, by one department of it, his own ideas as to the relations of employers and workmen. An international jury of eminent men from various countries had to examine the papers of six hundred competitors for the prizes offered to those employers of labour who should have succeeded in establishing good relations between themselves and their workmen, and in improving the condition of these latter in all respects. The report of the jury seems to have borne out Le Play's views in a remarkable manner.

We thus find him constantly employed in the public service, and in positions which brought him into direct intercourse with Napoleon III. But he never lost sight of his own particular

objects, and had nothing to say to any political measures. He made use of his opportunities of seeing the Emperor to urge on him his own plan of *social* reform, in preference to the organic changes which his Ministers proposed. These attempts were fortified by the strongest assertions, made in the face of the apparent prosperity of France, that great catastrophes would happen, and that the Empire, as then constituted, could not last. I have heard him emphatically assert this at the brilliant moment of the triumphs of the Exhibition, the summer of 1867.

In November, 1869, he was invited by the Emperor to Saint-Cloud, and consulted with reference to the internal difficulties which were then beginning to be felt. He states himself that he had nothing to add to the plan he had proposed in 1858 and 1864, and that he in vain urged on the Emperor to use his personal influence with the members of the legislative bodies in favour of his ideas. The only result of the interview was that it gave rise to his work on the organization of labour by the Emperor asking him to make an extract on that subject from the "*Réforme Sociale*," and to send it to two of his Ministers. Before the opposition of these Ministers, this feeble effort came to nothing, and the events of 1870 rapidly approached. That year was the great epoch of Le Play's life. When the immediate crisis was over, and men had time to think, then they remembered his words, and many turned to him.

In 1864, after the publication of the "*Réforme Sociale*," he had written :

"To save us from the catastrophe which threatens us, we should undertake a true apostolate, of which social reform is the chief means of action ; but this will only be done by gathering young and unselfish men under the influence of a common conviction. . . . In time of seeming prosperity such an association will fail in its war against the blind egoism of the directing classes ; nevertheless, it will have free action as

soon as the catastrophe brought about by that selfishness shall have taken place. And if it conjures up no new revolution, it will at least cause the movements of other times to bear new fruit."

He even foresaw the special danger that existed in a defective organization of the army. Speaking of a former colleague, become Minister of War, he wrote :

"I urged upon him the study of the military organizations which were threatening us most. In those interviews I pressed on his notice an axiom from one of my works:—'The method of imitation has been practised from the most ancient times in the art of war, and all negligence in that respect has been quickly punished by reverses.' But I failed in my purpose."

When the war was declared, he exclaimed, full of apprehension :

"I am in consternation at the mass of false ideas in which we are sunk. Our nation would gain more by the acquisition of one just conviction than by the annexation of a province."

As the war proceeded, he felt the effects in his own person by the departure of his son for the army, which also obliged him to take his place at the *château* and in the farm. We also get a glimpse of the internal effects of the invasion, one of which was to excite the revolutionary spirit among the workmen. His home was situated not far from Limoges, where the porcelain workers formed a large part of the population. He writes from the Château de Ligoure, in October, 1870 :

"I have been suddenly recalled hither by a municipal revolution. An international commune has constituted itself, excluding all owners of property, great and small, and indeed all who are not manual labourers, and asserting the principle that power belongs to those who satisfy three conditions : They must be factory labourers, must neither possess nor save anything, and must be united by the companionship of the wine-

shop. Truly, error has already destroyed us more than the Communists and the Prussians are doing now."

The Commune, with its immediate causes and results, justified still more the fears that Le Play had so often expressed. In the end of 1869, while preparing to publish his "*Organisation du Travail*," he had written: "I have been led to show here how a civilized people may fall back into the savage state." And in the same work he speaks of the state of the working population in Paris, of the masses of men not only without religion, but so hostile to it that those who desired to practise it did not dare to do so; facts which he had heard from the better class of workmen themselves. His explanation of this state of things deserves quotation:

"The evil arises chiefly from the attitude of employers who set a bad example to their servants, of wealthy men who neglect their duty to the poor, of manufacturers who mass together their operatives in a state of fearful degradation, of rulers who plot and provoke unjust wars, of literary men and students who have been for a hundred years propagating the sophisms of Rousseau on original perfection, and of honest men who, having no serious social offences to reproach themselves with, remain inert. As to the corruption now growing in Paris, it has reverted to a character unknown since the dissolution of Pagan society."

In these last expressions he refers to the numbers who live together without marriage, and the increasing proportion of illegitimate children. But the sufferings of the working-classes came home to him even more than their vices, amongst the worst of these sufferings being the want of protection afforded by the law to young girls, a point on which he did not cease to appeal to public opinion.

After the fall of the Paris Commune, questions were addressed to him by various public men, whose letters, with the answers, were afterwards published. Attempts were also made to

induce him to enter the Chambers. But this he refused to do, and henceforth declined all public employments. Not, certainly, from any repugnance to the Republic as a form of government, or any regret for the Empire. In all his writings there is not a trace of any leaning to one of the political parties in France more than another. His aim was to unite men of all the parties in an earnest endeavour to correct what he held to be fundamentally wrong in the organization of the State.

What has passed in France since that moment shows but too clearly how that endeavour failed. In what his real success consists is known only to a few. Yet, beyond question, he has done what few men have lived to do, in a good sense. He has founded a school of thought and of action, and his disciples, so far from having been discouraged by his loss, appear to be constantly adding to their numbers and to their zeal. His first work, "*Les Ouvriers Européens*," had been crowned by the Academy, and within a year of its appearance a society was formed to carry out the same system of monographs of families all over the world, under the name of "Société Internationale d'Economie Sociale." This society has published several volumes, called "*Les Ouvriers des Deux Mondes*," and continues actively to exist. After the Commune, Le Play succeeded in forming the "Unions de la Paix Sociale," which is an organization spread all over France, and also comprises several foreign members. Twice a month appears their organ, "*La Réforme Sociale*," begun in the lifetime of Le Play and carried on in his own spirit.

Is there no lesson for ourselves in the career of Le Play? We are accustomed to political differences, and have hitherto lived through them. But to these is now added a new source of agitation and combat in social questions. Now, it is precisely here that Le Play's doctrines come in, and perhaps in them might be found a way of escaping from opposite difficulties. The theory of State-help is winning support on every

side—a reaction from the extreme point to which the so-called political economists had carried the theory that social questions had to do only with dead machines, and not with men and women. Mr. Herbert Spencer has given us a warning article on what will be the natural result of continuing in the course on which we have entered. He might have put even more vividly the danger of public assistance for all the private objects he speaks of in a State such as ours, where power is the object of struggle between two parties, and the holding of power depends on the popular vote—a danger which must manifestly increase as the area of voting is enlarged.

Those who have followed me thus far will perhaps be under the idea that M. Le Play did in fact belong to the school which advocates State help and superintendence. But it is not so. He did not look to the Law as a remedy. He proposed a change in it only where he found some of its regulations to be an obstacle in the way of carrying out his principles. For example, such a change in the Code as would allow of the father appointing an heir among his children, at least to the homestead, and the factory, or workshop ; and the abolition of the clause which prevents what is known as “*le recherche de la paternité*,” and thus encourages vice and inflicts a great hardship upon women.

His ideas, of course, would necessitate the abolition and recasting of many recent provisions in reference to administration : as one of his objects was the restoration of *real* local government, and a corresponding diminution of the powers of the *préfets* and also of the *Maires de Commune*, who would no longer be Government nominees. None of these changes would be wanted in England, it is true. But it is the character of Le Play and the nature of the thoughts and ideas that animated him which are of universal interest, and, as it seems to me, peculiarly applicable to ourselves at this moment. It would be hard to say whether he was further removed from the political

economists who would have no moral links between the different classes, and who look for the development of society in the sense of each class and individual being as far as possible independent of the other, or those who more or less tend to Communism and to the destruction of individuality.

His fundamental principles were certainly very far from new, for he found no better formula for them than to teach and practise the Ten Commandments of Moses ; and he started from the point of the error of Rousseau in denying original corruption. In fact, that which gave such intensity to his desire to see due weight given to parental authority was the fact that by it alone can the perversity of the young be repressed. He strongly held, as I have already mentioned, that the first great need of men was to have the spirit of evil restrained, and that all experience pointed to the conclusion that the more this was effected by the parent and in the family, the less had to be done by the rougher, severer, and much less effectual means which Society could alone apply. M. Le Play arrived at this conviction independently of any religious teaching, and was exposed to all the influences which in others have led to opposite opinions. It was only after his convictions had been long formed and acted upon that he found in the Confessions of St. Augustine passages which filled him with admiration and made him exclaim : " I am mortified at having spent years in discovering by observation certain truths which various great men have long taught, but of which our detestable system of education leaves us ignorant."

Our present times are supposed to be particularly impatient of anything like positive assertion. Yet it seems to me that one school of thought which has rapidly grown up of late years owes much of its success to the characteristic of belief in itself. If ever a man was sure of the grounds on which he worked it was Frederick Le Play. And with this assurance he combined a rare renunciation of himself and a genuine

modesty, derived from the fact that he believed himself to have arrived at true conclusions by a method which a child might, and does, practise within small limits.

We find him writing to a friend that now it is more than ever necessary to declare the truth without any reserve, and to give the example of not being afraid of being made little of. He held that the desire of success was a dangerous feeling, which might lead to the condonation of error, and that the true precept to follow was that of the Latin poet: *Vitam impendere vero*. We may say of him that, like the wise man, he brings out of his treasuries things both new and old ; old in their truth, but new in their application ; and that the special truths he insists upon are worthy of our own thoughtful study, as his great social virtues are worthy of our imitation—virtues for which we shall find great need in the times that are approaching.

H. A. URQUHART.

The Story of a Strange Imposture.

“**T**HE late learned George Psalmanazar,” as he was called in obituary notices when he died, in 1763, the reputed Formosan, and convert to Christianity, was undoubtedly a Frenchman born. He had his education first in a free school, taught by two Franciscan monks, and afterwards in a college of Jesuit Fathers in an archiepiscopal city; the name of which, as also that of his birth-place and of his parents, remains a mystery. Upon leaving the college, he was recommended as a tutor to young gentlemen ; but he soon fell into a mean rambling kind of life, that produced him plenty of disappointments and misfortunes.

The first pretence he took up with was that of being a sufferer for religion. He procured a certificate of his being an Irishman who had left his country for the sake of the Catholic religion, and was going on a pilgrimage to Rome. It was necessary, indeed, that he should be equipped in the proper garb of a pilgrim ; but not being in a condition to purchase one, though it consisted only of a long staff handsomely turned, and a short leathern or oil-cloth cloak, he betook himself to the following stratagem. In a chapel at Avignon, dedicated to a miraculous saint, he had observed such an one hung in gratitude by some wandering pilgrim, arrived at the end of his journey ; and though this chapel was never without devotees, he was not deterred from venturing in, and taking both staff and cloak away, at noon-day. Carrying off the booty unmolested, he made haste to a private corner, threw the cloak about his shoulders, and stalked, staff in hand, out of the city. “ Being thus accoutred ” (he says), “ and furnished with a proper

pass, I began, at all proper places, to beg my way in a fluent Latin, accosting only clergymen, or persons of figure, by whom I could be understood, and found them mostly so generous and credulous, that I might easily have saved money, and put myself into a much better dress before I had gone a score or two of miles ; but so powerful was my vanity and extravagance, that as soon as I had got what I thought a sufficient viaticum, I begged no more, but viewed everything worth seeing, and then retired to some inn, where I spent my money as freely as I had obtained it."

Not all the sights he saw were pleasant ones. In lonely places, the carcases of men rotting by the wayside, fastened with ropes round their necks to posts, told of the disbanded soldiers and sailors, who used, after the peace of Rhyswick, to infest the roads, and were, in consequence, hung up by scores at a time, and thus exposed *in terrorem*.

It was at the age of sixteen, when he was in Germany, that Psalmanazar fell upon the wild project of passing for a Formosan. He recollected that he had heard the Jesuit Fathers speak much of China and Japan, and was bold enough to think that what he wanted of a right knowledge, he might make up by the strength of a pregnant invention, which here, it must be confessed, found ample scope to work in. He set himself to form a new character and language, a grammar, a division of the year into twenty months, and, easiest of all, a new religion ! His alphabet was written from right to left, like that of the Oriental tongues, and he soon inured his hand to write it with great readiness. He now thought himself sufficiently prepared to pass for a Japanese convert to Christianity. He altered his Avignon certificate as well as he could, reassumed his old pilgrim's habit, and began his tour, though with a heavy heart, to the Low Countries. Under the pretence of being a Japanese converted by Jesuit missionaries, and brought to Avignon to be farther instructed by them, as well as to avoid the dreadful

punishment inflicted on converts by the Emperor of Japan, he travelled several hundred leagues, with an appearance, however, so dismal and shabby, as to exceed that even of the very common beggars.

At Liége, Psalmanazar enlisted into the Dutch service, and was carried by his officer to Aix-la-Chapelle. He afterwards entered into the Elector of Cologne's service ; and, being still as ambitious as ever to pass for a Japanese, he now chose to profess himself an unconverted one ; and freely entered the lists against innocent priests and monks, who were assiduously and publicly endeavouring to convince him of his supposed errors. The last garrison he came to was Sluys, where Lauder, a Scotch colonel, introduced him to the Protestant chaplain, with whom he was admitted to have a conference, which, at length, ended in the chaplain's fervent zeal to make a convert of him, less, it appears, from any belief in his neophyte's sincerity than by way of recommending himself to the then Bishop of London, whose piety could not fail of rewarding so worthy an actor. By this time Psalmanazar, growing tired of the soldier's life, listened cordially to the chaplain's proposal of taking him over to England, and he was, accordingly, with great hurry, baptized. A letter of invitation from the Bishop of London arriving, they set out for Rotterdam, were introduced there to the celebrated Mr. Basnage, and to the English and French Protestant churches. Psalmanazar was, in general, much caressed there ; but some there were who put such shrewd questions to him as carried an air of their not giving him quite all the credit he could have wished. This threw him upon a whimsical expedient by way of removing all obstacles, viz., that of living upon raw flesh, roots, and herbs ; and he soon habituated himself, he tells us, to this new and strange food, without receiving the least prejudice to his health ; taking care to add a good deal of pepper and spices by way of condiment, whilst the people's astonishment at his diet served him for sauce of no contemptible relish.

On his arrival in London he was introduced to the Bishop, was received with great humanity, and soon found a large number of friends among the well-disposed both of clergy and laity. "But" (says he), "I had a much greater number of opposers to combat with, who though they judged rightly of me in the main, were far from being candid in the account of the discovery they pretended to make to my disadvantage; particularly Doctors Halley, Mead, and Woodward. The too visible eagerness of these gentlemen to oppose me at any rate for a cheat, served only to make others think the better of me, and even to look upon me as a kind of confessor!—especially as those gentlemen were thought to be no great admirers of revelation, to which my patrons thought I had given so ample a testimony." His complexion, which happened to be very fair, was an unanswerable objection against his being of Formosa, which lies under the tropic: but he soon hatched a lucky distinction between those whose business exposes them to the sun, and those who keep at home, or under ground, without feeling the least degree of the reigning heat. On the other hand, his opposers were much at a loss to find out his real country by his pronunciation of any of the languages he was master of. Dr. Mead took upon him to be very positive that he was of German or Dutch extraction: "But he might as well" (says Psalmanazar), "have affirmed me to have been an Ethiopian from my complexion." On the other hand, the exact care he took of his behaviour and conversation, the plainness of his dress and diet, the little trouble he gave himself about wealth and preferment, and his reservedness to the fair sex, the warmth he expressed for religion, and the delight he was observed to take in the public offices of it, were, to his friends, convincing proofs of his sincerity. A variety of judgments were formed, even among those who thought him a cheat; and by some he was, as a matter of course, represented as a Jesuit in disguise.

His old friend, the chaplain, introduced him to all the great men in Church and State. Before he had been three months in London, he was so cried up for a prodigy, that everybody was desirous of seeing him ; and to this the public prints, foreign as well as domestic, contributed, by blazing forth things in his praise for which there was not the least foundation. He was presently sent to translate the Church Catechism into the Formosan language. The version was received by the Bishop of London with candour ; the author rewarded with generosity ; and his Catechism laid up among the most curious manuscripts. It was examined by the learned, who found it regular and grammatical, and gave it as their competent opinion that it was a real language, and no counterfeit. After such success, our author was soon prevailed upon to write a history of Formosa, which soon after appeared, and became the rage. The booksellers were so earnest with him to despatch it, whilst the town was not in expectation of it, that he was scarcely allowed two months to write the whole. The first edition had hardly been published before a second was called for. The author was now sent by the Bishop to Oxford to pursue such studies as he was most inclined to, whilst his opposers and advocates in London started a dispute about the merits and demerits of his book. The learned at Oxford were not less divided in their opinions. An apartment was, however, assigned him in one of the colleges. He had all the advantages of learning the University could afford him, and a learned tutor to assist him. Here, to make a show of retrieving the time wasted abroad in the daytime in company, he used to light his candle and let it burn the greatest part of the night in his study, that his neighbours might believe he was plying his books ; and, sleeping in his easy chair, he would often leave the bed for a whole week just as he found it, to the great surprise and edification of his bed-maker. He pretended soon to have swelled legs, which his friends failed not to account for, kindly entreating him to submit to more regular

hours of rest ; but he continued to go limping about, though no one enjoyed a better share of health or flow of spirits. Upon his return to London, he continued, for about ten years, to indulge a course of idleness and extravagance, with some sort of gallantry with the ladies, among whom (some of them persons of fortune and character) he became a great favourite. But this prosperity proved of short duration. The behaviour of his friends, and the objections they now began to make, put our adventurer upon thinking that they had a less charitable opinion of him than formerly, and that it was time to think of getting into some reputable employment, before the subscriptions, which the benevolent had long afforded him, should be withdrawn. Some absurdities, however, observed in his history of *Formosa*, in the end effectually discredited the whole relation, and saved him the trouble, and his friends the mortification, of an open confession of his guilt.

Nevertheless, Psalmanazar's learning and ingenuity, during the remainder of his life, did not fail to procure him a comfortable subsistence from his pen. In his last will and testament, dated January 1, 1762—the year before his death—he declared that he had long since disclaimed, even publicly, all but the shame and guilt of his vile imposition ; and he ordered his body to be buried in the lowest and cheapest manner. “It is my earnest request,” he said, “that my body be not enclosed in any kind of coffin, but only decently laid in what is commonly called a shell, of the lowest value, and without lid or other covering which may hinder the natural earth from covering it all around.”

FRANCIS DOUCE.

The Lilies of France.

THERE is no science which so absolutely demands from its students the power to instantly discern truth, and to rigidly keep to it, as the science of History. The qualities that make a great historian may well be said to constitute genius ; they cannot be acquired, they are innate. No hero-worship or party spirit will be able to sway the historian's judgment. In the unending struggle of Aryan against Semitic, of Greek against Goth, or of Frank against Saxon, heroic figures necessarily rise at his will ; but the effortless insight into men and their motives, which, rather than conscious criticism, is his chief characteristic, teaches him, not alone that there may be, but that there always is, right on both sides—neither is altogether wrong, neither wholly in the right. In the battle of life Iago is practically non-existent. Mephistopheles, like the Destiny of the Greek and of his Moslem conqueror—

That power so strange, so dread !
Which neither proud and full prosperity,
Nor Ares in his power,
Nor dark, sea-beaten ships, nor tower,
Are able to defy——

is supernatural—beyond the pale of humanity.

To the true historian the driest pages of the old Chronicles, which to most of us are but a record of dead-and-gone names—"The knights' bones are dust, and their good swords rust"—under the magic of what, for want of a better name, we may term historic instinct, become eloquent with the passionate ambitions, failures, and successes of those who have gone before ; who have fought their battle of life, some gallantly, some half-heartedly, but all according to the talents granted.

"Not to blame, not to despise, only to understand," said Spinoza ; not a long axiom, but one impossible to the majority of us. It is not sufficient to put yourself in the place of each of the actors in turn. That, although a step in the right direction, has as yet given us only quaint renderings or travesties—such as Mr. Froude's "Queen Mary of Scots," Mr. Freeman's "Harold, the Saxon," and Mr. Green's "Cromwell"—as far from the real men and women as Mr. Booth's or Mr. Irving's representations of *Hamlet* or *Othello* are from the realities of Shakespeare's creations. For the historian, as for the great actor, the inevitable *moi-même* does not exist ; his identity is merged into that of his *dramatis persona*, and is simply forgotten : he does not wait to think how or why he would act in the same conditions, and so arrive at an interpretation, to which, like another bed of Procrustes, he fits the thoughts and deeds of others. He does not reason, he understands. Where others wrangle, with unerring instinct he grasps the truth. But his is a gift so rare that it may well be said, "*Cui sapiunt omnia, prout sunt, non ut dicuntur aut æstimantur ; hic vere sapiens est et doctus magis a Deo, quam ab hominibus.*"

It is strange that this same strong individuality in the case of one of the greatest living French writers, while it places him beneath the first rank of historians, should form the chief charm of his works. Still we are progressing somewhat, if only gradually. The one-sided brochures or pamphlets, styled historical, of ten years ago would hardly be taken in earnest now. John Bull and his islanders no longer believe that with the ordinary Frenchman it is an article of faith that his countrymen achieved a brilliant victory at Waterloo. But our advance is little more than the turning of our faces in the right direction. The task of clearing away the popular fallacies, as taught in educational works, varying from the "Little Arthur's England" and the "Goldsmiths" of our childhood to the brilliant fragments from Carlyle's mighty pen, will not be lightly

nor soon achieved. Monographs, essays, nay even more ambitious attempts at independent writing of what still passes for history, have constituted a distinct branch of literature. The term independent does not mean that the compilers of these works are unbiassed by party spirit ; it is merely to distinguish their writings from that of the old Chroniclers, whose honest work and simple dignity cannot be too highly prized. Verily, with their unconscious knowledge of human nature, their chivalrous enthusiasm for all that was noble or heroic, these creators of history are true laureates. Here too, perhaps, we have the key to the seeming paradox, that for not a few of the most living, real portraits of men as they were, we are indebted to the poet or the novelist—rarely to the modern historian, who too often is content to be merely a biographer.

It will not be the least difficult part of the true historian's task to give a real picture of the relations between France and England, strained as they have always been since the accession of the Plantagenets complicated the tangle caused by the Norman invasion. Where Carlyle's keen eye did not succeed in unravelling the "*blague*," not to call it the perversion of the records, it is not surprising if lesser masters fail. Still, it is disappointing to find, in Mr. Green's "History of the English People," that the record of Edward III.'s first campaign in France is dismissed with the words—"His claim to the French crown found not a single adherent. To establish such a claim, indeed, was difficult enough." And although the authority of Froissart, or rather Jehan le Bel, is quoted in the dramatic tale of the taking of Calais, there is no word of Robert of Artois, the primary cause of the English invasion, no mention of the "*Vœu du Hairen*," with its interesting details of some of the great nobles who took part in the contest between the two countries.

In the whole records of chivalry no campaign was ever conducted with more scrupulous regard to the courtesy due from

knight to noble, squire to knight. There the reciprocal rights of suzerain and vassal were marked by heraldic etiquette, not to be lightly transgressed ; there it was possible for the Count of Hainault to answer the warlike Bishop of Lincoln's summons and loyally help Edward as Vicar of the Emperor to whom he owed fealty on that side of the river in the siege of Cambray ; there, when he had conducted Edward to the passage of the Escaut, he could take leave of him, frankly avowing that now they were on French ground, it became his duty to serve the King, his uncle ; there it was possible for the English King, in his noble answer, "*Dieu y ait part*," to accept his departure as simply. In those days the phrase, "All is fair in war," had an honourable meaning. A battle was a duel on a large scale, regulated by the same honourable laws. We had not reached that height of civilization which permits a nation to encourage the blackest treachery openly ; and, while putting down slavery with a high hand, to fall to the level of a slave-owner when unrebuked it offers a price for the head of the enemy's leader.

Again, the statement that "when the host at last crossed the border Edward found it impossible to bring the French King to an engagement," is misleading if not incorrect. When the two armies approached, the Duke of Brabant's answer to Edward was "*de combattre car autrement à leur honneur ils ne s'en pourroient partir*." Accordingly a herald was sent to appoint a day for the battle, who returned to the English army laden with costly gifts in return for the glad news he had taken to the French King. Froissart gives the date as Friday, October 22, 1339. But Edward's own letter, preserved by Robert d'Avesbury—"À notre cher filz et as honourables Pères en Dieux J. par mesme la grâce Erchevesque de Cauntirbirs, R. évesque de Loundres, W. de la Zouche notre Tresorer et as autres de notre Consail en Engleterre : Salut" —gives the date as Thursday, the 21st, which was deferred till the Saturday. All day long on Friday the two armies faced each other. Even

Froissart, well used to gorgeous ceremonies, remarks "*Certes d'étoit très grande beauté que de voir sur les champs bannières et pennons ventiler, chevaux couverts, chevaliers et écuyers armés si très nettement que rien n'y avoit à ramender.*" Shortly after noon a hare scampered from the fields straight into the midst of the French host. Those behind imagined the fight had at last begun when they heard the *haro* or tumult of the front ranks, who saw and hailed the episode as a relief to the monotony of waiting; and, as the custom was on the eve of battle, many squires were knighted, fourteen of whom, belted by the Count of Hainault, were ever after known as the Chevaliers du Lièvre. That night, or next day, Edward retired to Avesnes, leaving the position he had taken to be occupied by the French. The Chronicles of France give four reasons why no battle took place. First, because it was Friday; second, because neither the King nor his horses had eaten or drunk; third, the King and his army had marched five leagues without food or drink; fourth, because the English army was shielded from all attack by the morass, which was impassable for the French in full view of the enemy. So ended peaceably what might have been the decisive battle of Buironfosse.

On his return to Brussels Edward held a great Parliament, and called on the Flemings for help to enable him to defy Philip. The Flemings characteristically asked for time and "*ils se conscellèrent à grand loisir,*" ere they answered that they were on oath to the Pope never to make war on the King of France under penalty of excommunication and two million florins; but, with more than Flemish subtlety, they suggested that Edward should assume the arms of France—style himself King of France, in fact—and they would obey and follow him wherever he might wish or order. Edward and his Council weighed the good against the evil; either he must forego the comfort and alliance of the Flemings, or he must take the arms of a kingdom of which as yet he had conquered not one rood

of land—which, perhaps, he might not be able to conquer now or ever. It was no light matter to decide ; but at length, on January 20, 1340, the treaty was concluded with the Flemings ; on February 8 he published a manifesto justifying the motives which determined him to adopt the title, and calling on all Frenchmen to follow the example of the Flemings and acknowledge him as their sovereign. So much for the accuracy of the statement that Edward's claim found no adherents.

And thus the Lilies of France take their place side by side with the Rose of England, there to remain a memory of a vain boast, an ever-ready source of irritation between two countries, which the intervening five centuries have hardly yet succeeded in thoroughly obliterating.

GEORGE DANE.

Poppies.

THROUGH the land at midsummer,
Singing, Love came.
Gracious was the new-comer,
Like a god in face and limb,
And the trailing wings of him
Tipped with flame ;
Red-gold hair, and fair flushed face,
Warm as the South,
And he stood, a little space,
By the sunrise seas of wheat ;
Took wild-rose and meadow-sweet
And laid them on his mouth.

In his luminous deep eyes
A slow smile grew ;
When a small bird, brown and wise,
Sudden sang, a yard away,
A little mad, fair roundelay
To skies of blue.
And, ah ! his eyes grew very sad,
With tears o'erfilled,
And died the grave, sweet smile he had,
When in the wide wheat's wrinkled gold
He saw a small bird, brown and cold,
Its singing stilled.

Many a gift he bore that hour
For many a one—
Rose, and rue, and passion-flower.
As he went he gathered

The silken poppies, tall and red,
 Flaunting in the sun ;
Took them to him tenderly,
 The flowers of sleep ;
Kissed their lips, with many a sigh ;
"Now I have no better thing
Than a Lethe cup to bring
 To some that weep."

So he came, in morning hours,
 To a garden wild,
Where, amid hushed dreaming flowers,
A pale, golden-headed girl,
Like a daisy, or a pearl,
 Sang and smiled.

The reddest rose in all the land
 He held to her ;
Fell the poppies from his hand,
Brushed the gold dust of her hair,
Smote her innocent eyes and fair,
 Till closed they were.

When the slumber took her eyes,
 Skies were blue and gold—
The world was fair as Paradise ;
And when she woke, ah ! well-a-day,
The wintry world was bare and grey,
 And she was cold,
Very tired, and most forlorn.

 " Now, heart ! wilt break ?
Our life's day has gone since morn.
All the years, like shifting sands,
Slipped from out those empty hands,
 For a dream's sake ! "

KATHARINE TYNAN.

The Music of England.

THE most enthusiastic admirer of the music of our own country can scarcely claim for us the high position in musical history which belongs to Italy and Germany, or France. There is no composer who can represent England in the rank which Palestrina and Rossini, Bach, Beethoven, and Berlioz occupy for their respective countries. Purcell comes the nearest to the level, but he does not attain it. We cannot point to one great Opera, Oratorio, Mass, or Symphony which might fairly take a place beside *Don Giovanni*, the *Elijah*, Beethoven's *Mass in D*, or Schubert's *Symphony in C*. Handel, it is true, at the age of forty-one, became a naturalized British subject. It is equally true that in tone of thought and in sentiment he was essentially a worthy musical pendant of that great and powerful school of which Milton and Dryden are the noble exponents. But to claim him as the representative of our national musical art is obviously absurd. When he came to England, some fifteen years after Purcell's death, he found that music of a characteristic type already flourished here. But though he admired this, and was to a certain extent influenced by it, his early training, and his predilection for the Italian models, hindered him from raising the standard of existing national art to his own ; and, instead of improving upon what had been done, he brought in new and foreign forms to which he moulded and directed contemporary music as far as he could. This was precisely the reverse of what Glück did in France ; for he who may stand as the artistic disciple of the *Ecole Classique* as embodied in Corneille and Racine, threw all his genius into fostering and strengthening what Lully and Rameau had previously conceived and begun.

On another point we must own to being surpassed by foreign nations, and that is in wealth and variety of Folk music. There are those who go so far as to say that no such thing as this exists at all in England; but this much is certain, that our country people of the poorer classes have not the same amount of melody belonging exclusively and solely to themselves as exists among the German, Latin, and Magyar races. Ireland and Scotland are far richer in this respect than we in England are; and the North of England compares very favourably with the South. Perhaps the best form in which it yet survives in the South and in the South-west is in some of the old Christmas carols still to be heard among the rural poor when they are singing amongst themselves. Many of the tunes to which these carols are sung bear a distinctly *volkslied* impress; but, to hear them, one must find out some genuine old-fashioned rustics; and if they have confidence in their hearer, with some little persuasion they may be induced to give him a specimen of "what grandfather learned them." He will find a wide difference between such a performance and the carol-singing after the services at Christmas-time in a fashionable church.

Sir George Grove in his "Dictionary of Music" has wisely fixed upon 1450 as about the date from which modern music begins to develop itself; but the reign of Henry VIII. will be quite far enough to go back to in the hazy distance of history for the brief glance we wish to take. His Majesty of fickle and polygamous memory was no mean musician. A Latin Motett, "*Quam pulchra*," for three voices by him is printed in Hawkins' "History of Music," and Aldrich and Boyce declare there is abundant evidence to prove that the Anthem "Oh Lord, the maker of all things," generally assigned to William Munday, is by him. "Passe tyme with good cumpanye, the Kynges 'Balade,'" set to music for three voices, is among the MSS. in the British Museum, and has been made generally accessible through being reprinted into J. Stafford Smith's "Musica Antiqua" and

Chappell's "Popular Music of the Olden Times." He is also mentioned as the composer of two Masses, but no copy of either of these is believed to exist. Most of the music of the time is sacred. But, except from an antiquarian point of view, there is little in it that is interesting; and we may pass it over with the remark that the Anglican Litany upon the first occasion of its use (Sept. 18, 1547) was sung, before the kneeling congregation, to music arranged by one John Marbeck, who, together with Christopher Tye, Richard Edwards, and Robert Testwood, may be considered the representative composers till we come to the better known names of Thomas Tallis and Richard Farrant.

Tallis's fame depends upon sacred music alone, for nothing secular by him is known now to exist; but he has left a noble monument to himself in his beautiful and solemn "Cathedral Service." The "Plainsong" of this was the old one which Marbeck had previously employed; but Tallis added the four parts to it, which to this day are often sung, and which hold an unrivalled place in their impressive simple grandeur. He composed many hymn-tunes and Anthems (though of these last only two are now remembered), besides the famous song in forty parts. Tallis was a bold innovator for his time; and, were we to enter into technicalities, we could show not only that he was far in advance of his own age, but that some of his frequent practices—such, for instance, as his manner of resolving dissonances or forming final cadences—are even now considered signs of extreme musical licence. A few hymn-tunes, and some sweet, rather mournful Anthems, besides the very well-known and frequently sung one, "Lord, for Thy tender mercies' sake," constitute the claims made on the admiration of the nineteenth century by Richard Farrant, who was a conscientious and admired musician, though his light is somewhat eclipsed by the more dazzling stars of Tallis, just before, and Byrd, just after him. Sternhold and Hopkins' "Whole Booke

of *Psalmes*" appeared in 1662, "with apt notes to sing them withal," these last being merely an unaccompanied melody. But this volume seems to have given a great impetus to sacred music; for the following year saw the publication of the first volume of four-part tunes ever published in England. It was entitled "*The whole Psalmes in foure parts*," and Tallis and the leading composers of the day contributed to it the simply harmonized airs. The library of Brazenose College, Oxford, contains a perfect copy, while the British Museum possesses a volume containing the medius and tenor parts only. To Byrd we owe the oft-quoted couplet—

Since Singing is so good a thing
I wish all men would learn to sing,

which appears as the last of eight reasons for the desirability of knowledge in vocal art, appended to an important collection of "*Psalmes, Sonets, and Songs of Sadnes and Pietie, made into Musicke of five parts*," published in 1587. Two years later he issued a volume of "*Songs of Sundrie Natures, some of gravitie, and some of myrth fit for all companies and voyces*," and another similar work in 1611. Before the close of the sixteenth century, Thomas Este had brought out a most valuable "*Compleat Psalter*," and others had also followed his example. But we will dismiss for a time Sacred music with the mention of Ravenscroft's great work—in which the climax of English hymn-tunes is reached—the "*Whole Booke of Psalmes*," published in 1621. It contained John Dowland's noble setting of the "*Old Hundredth*;" and there is scarcely a tune in the entire collection that is not worthy to stand beside this. Yet we seldom, if ever, hear one of these fine old masterpieces now, though the book has recently been very cheaply reprinted. The fashion of to-day prefers the elementary and sentimental production of some youthful student of counterpoint.

Amid the Secular music of Queen Elizabeth's reign, Madrigals, of course, hold the representative place. From the year 1530, when the first volume of Polyphonic songs by Taverner and other very early English composers, appeared, part-singing grew with extreme rapidity into favour among all who professed any musical knowledge. But the first collection of Madrigals proper did not come out in England till 1588, under the title of "*Musica Transalpina*," and these were all Italian airs to which English words had been more or less roughly adapted. This work was received with so much *éclat* as to justify and encourage the publication of almost numberless similar volumes; and to quote only their titles and the dates of their issue would far exceed the space that we can afford. Byrd, Richard Edwards, Weelkes, Este, Wilbye, Morley, Hilton, and Orlando Gibbons have all left charming specimens of their art in this form, which fortunately for us are frequently to be heard still. Musical art, however, was not destined in this branch to stand for long upon the high pedestal to which it had attained. Almost concurrently with the hymn-tune the Madrigal fell lower and lower; and scarcely anything of intrinsic value in this shape was written after about 1625, when instrumental accompaniments were sometimes added.

From the end of Elizabeth's reign, and the commencement of that of James the First, there comes to us the first faint outline of the germ from which modern Opera may be considered to be evolved—viz., the Masque, without which no royal or noble entertainment was then considered complete. A very slender thread of dramatic continuity seems to have been sufficient to bear a heavy weight of elaborate scenery and dresses; and efforts were made at intervals to add songs and dances to them. But the glowing reports brought from Italy of the beauty of the Italian musical plays induced attempts to substitute *recitatif* for spoken dialogue, and the introduction of incidental songs. As early as 1617, Ben Jonson wrote the

words, and Nicolo Lanieri—a foreigner, as his name implies—specially composed the music for a Masque to be performed at Lord Hay's house. It may not be out of place here to quote a short passage from Bacon's Essay "Of Masques and Triumphs" (the edition of 1625): "Dancing to song is a thing of great state and pleasure. I understand it that the song be in quire placed aloft, and accompanied with some broken music, and the ditty fitted to the device. Acting in song, especially in dialogues, hath an extreme good grace. I say acting, not dancing (for that is a mean and vulgar thing), and the voices of the dialogue would be strong and manly (a base and a tenor, no treble); and the ditty high and tragical, not nice or dainty. Several quires placed one over against another, and taking the voice by catches, anthem wise, give great pleasure. . . . Let the songs be loud and cheerful, and not chirpings or pulings. Let the music likewise be sharp and loud and well placed."

The most important composer of this period was Henry Lawes, and in 1633 he was commissioned to write the music for a Masque to be performed by the gentlemen of the Inns of Court, for which he received the enormous sum (then) of £100. The following year he set Milton's "Comus" to music very much to the poet's satisfaction, who seems to have regarded him as the first real English musician, to judge from these four lines :

Harry, whose tuneful and well-measured song
First taught our English music how to span
Words with just note and accent, not to scan
With Midas' ears committing short and long.

Batten, Child, Lock (of "Macbeth" celebrity), and Rogers were Lawes' contemporaries, and were the representative musicians of the troubled times between the death of James I. and the Restoration. But it will scarcely be credited by many, whose sole idea of the music of the Commonwealth is embodied

in nasal psalmody, and who have hitherto believed that everything approaching to a dramatic representation was then regarded with the deepest horror, that the first licence to play Italian Opera in England was granted by Cromwell, who laid great stress upon the point that the foreign language in which it would be played would greatly mitigate any moral harm that there might be in such performances !

With the Restoration we enter upon the most brilliant period of English music. Henry Lawes, who lived to compose the famous Anthem "Zadok the Priest," for the accession of Charles II., and did not die till 1662, deserves some further mention here, as he may be said to be a forerunner of the modern declamatory school ; and had his individuality been only a little more powerful it is probable that he would have found followers of sufficient talent to form a distinctly British School, somewhat similar to that of which we now regard Wagner as the father and founder. Lawes always chose words by the best poets, and treated them with the utmost refinement and delicacy ; moulding his music as closely to his poetry, and forming of the two as inseparable an union, as Liszt, Robert Franz, and Schumann have done in our own time in their impassioned and consistent songs. Shortly before King Charles's accession, Lawes published a very interesting volume of "Ayres and Dialogues, for one, two, and three voyces," and one of these, entitled "Orpheus's Hymn to God," is especially noteworthy, as it contains a long roll of semiquavers to the word *thunder* (which occurs in its first stanza)—the first attempt at realism in English music !

Henry Purcell was two years old at the Restoration, having been born in 1658. As the first in rank of the British composers, he merits longer notice than the limits of space here allow. Few composers have made an earlier appearance in print than young Henry did, for he was only nine years of age when he published his pretty little three-part song "Sweet

Tyraness, I now resign ;” and many of his Anthems that are still frequently sung date from this youthful age up to eleven or twelve. He studied under Dr. Blow (of whom more anon), and was appointed organist of Westminster Abbey in 1680, in which year he produced his great work “Dido and Æneas,” the first real English Opera in the modern acceptation of the word. Though very short, it is cast in perfect operatic mould, the entire libretto being in recitatif, solos, duets, and chorus. Many latter-day composers might take a lesson from it for neatness and compactness of construction. It remained in MS. until 1840, when Professor G. A. Macfarren edited it for the Musical Antiquarian Society. It has been often performed since Purcell’s time, notably at the “Antient Concerts” that used to be given in London, and more recently at Liverpool. For five years or so after this, Purcell’s life seems to have passed very quietly and uneventfully, and his next composition that claims our notice—not, indeed, for any great musical value—is a March and quickstep that appeared soon after the accession of James II. This soon became very popular and familiar among all classes, and especially so in the army. The doggerel verses of *Lillibulero* had also just made their appearance when some one—probably Lord Wharton, the then Irish Viceroy—perceived that they were adaptable to the swinging tune and measure of Purcell’s March and quickstep. Excepting perhaps *La Marseillaise* no tune has ever had the political influence of this one. It was sung everywhere, by every one, and contemporary testimony speaks of its having greatly contributed to the great Revolution of 1688. Even now the air may yet be heard in the far North of Ireland, and for many years it was played by the English military bands ; though this practice has long been discontinued, out of respect for the feelings of the Catholic soldiers. Space does not permit us to notice Purcell’s numerous and rapidly produced works, until we come to his beautiful music for a much mutilated version of Shakespeare’s

"*Tempest*," in which the songs are especially lovely. Who does not enjoy "*Come unto these yellow sands*" and "*Full fathom five*," which were originally in this? This was soon followed by "*Diocletian*," a most elaborately scored work, and almost as much an Opera as is "*Dido and Æneas*." It is possible that, like Wagner, Purcell maintained high views as to the requirements of the libretto for a real Music-Drama, as the following quotation from the quaint dedication of "*Diocletian*" (to the Duke of Somerset) would show:—

"Music and Poetry have ever been acknowledged Sisters, which walking hand in hand support each other; as Poetry is the Harmony of words, so Musick is that of Notes: and as Poetry is a rise above Prose and Oratory, so is Musick the exaltation of Poetry. Both of them may excel apart, but sure they are most excellent when they are joyn'd, because nothing is then wanting to either of their perfections: for thus they appear like wit and beauty in the same person. Poetry and Painting have arrived to their perfection in our own Country: Music is yet but in its Nonage, a forward Child which gives hope of what it may be hereafter in ENGLAND, when the Masters of it shall find more encouragement. 'Tis now learning ITALIAN, which is its best Master, and studying a little of the French Air, to give it somewhat more of Gayety and Fashion. Thus being farther from the Sun we are of later growth than our Neighbour Countries, and must be content to shake off our Barbarity by degrees. The present age seems already disposed to be refin'd, and to distinguish betwixt wild Fancy, and a just numerous Composition."

The reason of the slow development of English music is decidedly original!

"*King Arthur*" was Purcell's next important dramatic work. The words are by Dryden, and it contains some of Purcell's best-known music, amongst other pieces, the famous tenor solo, with chorus, "*Come if you dare*," and the celebrated "*Frost scene*," in which the effect of intense and freezing cold is

obtained with most curious vocal realism. The complete score of this is unfortunately lost, as is also that of his "Fairy Queen," an anonymous adaptation of the "Midsummer Night's Dream," said by Dr. Burney to contain the finest recitatif in English in "Ye twice ten hundred Deities." The charming song, "I attempt from Love's Sickness to fly," also occurred in this. Purcell's celebrated *Te Deum*, which Handel's "Dettingen *Te Deum*" so closely resembles, was written in 1694, and at the commencement of the following year Purcell composed the music, including two Anthems, for Queen Mary's funeral. The first of these, "Blessed is the man," was in the severe ecclesiastical style, but was wonderfully solemn and devotional, and is said to have drawn tears from all eyes. Purcell has left no grander tribute to his memory than the second one—"Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts." Since it was sung on this occasion, "accompanied by flat, mournful trumpets," * it has been employed at every choral funeral at St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey. When Dr. Croft was setting the Burial Service to music, he made no attempt to compose music to these words, as he said that Purcell's was quite unapproachable. But it proved to be his own dirge also. On the 21st of November, 1695—by a curious coincidence the eve of St. Cecilia's Day, for which festival he had often composed Odes and Anthems—he passed away quietly to rest, and to join in the sweet melodies above, where only, as his epitaph poetically expresses it, "his harmonies can be exceeded." Much of his music was published after his death by his wife.

Purcell's most noted contemporaries were Jeremiah Clarke, whose music is but little remembered now, and who is generally believed to have committed suicide, through disappointed love, in a very romantic manner; and Pelham Humphreys, whose name we so often meet in Pepys' "Diary." Humphreys died at the early age of twenty-seven, but it is probable that had he

* Dr. Tudway.

lived he would have left a lasting mark in English music, through his liberal foreign education, and knowledge of French music, which he had studied under Lully. Another eminent composer of this period was Dr. Blow, whose name we have previously mentioned as that of Purcell's master. He composed an immense amount of sacred music, some of which is in use now, though the greater part by far has never been published. Croft is the next who need detain us, and few have ever surpassed him in the grandeur and dignity of his sacred works, which to this day hold an important place in the *repertoires* of good choirs. His Service in A, and the hymn-tunes (amongst others) of St. Ann's and St. Matthew's, are very familiar to all who profess any interest in Anglican music. He wrote also much secular music in form of *Entr'actes* and Overtures to different plays, as well as various *suites* and Sonatas for the harpsichord and violin.

In the meantime Italian Opera has been slowly and surely creeping into favour. The works of English composers have been gradually more and more relegated to the Church, and in secular music increasing encouragement is being given to foreigners: with the result of thoroughly checking the national element in music. The year that saw Handel's arrival in this country (1710) saw also the birth of the last of that race of composers who, if taken separately, cannot support the theory that England can send representatives of equal weight to the world's great harmonic assembly, but who, *en masse*, refute the assumption that nothing good can come out of England. We allude to Dr. Boyce, who, eminent among Church composers and writers of "Theatre Musick," merits the respect of all modern students for his most valuable collection of "Cathedral Music," without which many interesting Services and Anthems of the very early composers would by this time have been irrecoverably lost.

On Handel we need not dwell. His life has recently been

made accessible to all English readers, and to enter upon the briefest *résumé* of his works would require an article to itself. Though he far surpassed all his contemporaries in operatic, instrumental, and sacred music, he did not succeed in gaining the sincerest form of flattery—imitation from those among whom he lived ; for the year (1727) which witnessed Handel engaged in writing and producing some of his best works was the year in which Gay brought forward his "Beggars' Opera." It is not to the credit of English taste that such a *pasticcio* of ballads hung on to a low story of gaol and highwaymen should have enjoyed such popularity as was given to this. Not only did it have an unprecedented run on its first appearance, but it has been revived again and again, always with immense success, and has inspired what may be regarded as the national type of Opera in that peculiar institution known as the "Ballad Opera." Thomas Arne must have the credit for trying to introduce a somewhat higher level into English Opera, but fashion and prejudice were too strong for him, and Storace, and Shield, and Kelly, who came after him, drifted back to the "Beggars' Opera" for a model. Bishop and Balfe, though neither of them will be remembered, save for a pretty song or two, in a generation's time, raised the standard of operatic entertainment a little ; but early in our own era British musical art had fallen to the lowest ebb, and could not recover its ground. The vulgar *tuniness* of the "Beggars' Opera" was done away with ; but who shall say that we gained by substituting for this the poor little trivialities of the Operas in which Miss Louisa Pyne used to warble ? Music may be common, stupid, limited, and still be music ; but these Operas were nothing. One illustrious name—that of Sterndale Bennett—appears, indeed, in this dreary time ; but public taste was hopelessly low. The national ear, it is true, remained ; but it was uneducated by any national taste. And by the national ear we mean that perfect appreciation of tune and

time which seems to be the birthright of the Englishman. Prejudice and romance apart, compare the whistling of the English street-boy, which is absolutely correct, with the singing of the Tuscan or the Piedmontese, which is nearly always faulty. As to congregational singing in church, there are two cities where the most deplorable chaos makes a popular service hideous, and their names are Bonn and Rome.

Never have the prospects of English music looked brighter than they do to-day. One has only to go to a Monday or Saturday Popular, a Crystal Palace, Richter, or Philharmonic Concert, and to observe with what interest and intelligence their invariably artistic and sometimes severe programmes are followed by their crowded audiences, for the most part amateurs in music. Music is beginning to be studied with good traditions by all classes, from Royalty down to the day-labourer. There is scarcely a town throughout the land that has not its choral association and amateur orchestra under professional conductorship, who can give periodical renderings of standard works, which, if not equal to what may be heard in London, Manchester, Birmingham, Bristol, and several other of the larger towns, are highly creditable to the tastes and interpretative skill of the performers. And few country villages are without their brass bands. It will probably be asked, "But what do such bands play—'Grandfather's Clock' and 'Hold the Fort'?" By no means; they are aiming far higher than this. There is an entirely self-taught village band belonging to two of the poorest agricultural parishes in the South-west of England, who play very intelligently most of the music from "Pinafore" and "Iolanthe" (the performers themselves preferring the latter), and Mendelssohn's "Sleepers, Wake," besides much else of a really good type. The man who plays the first cornet in this band is a day-labourer, earning some fourteen shillings a week, and he recently borrowed the writer's copy of Prout's "Instrumentation," which he studied with the utmost attention and

intelligence. When music is as accessible to all in England as it is in Germany, one of the strongest influences for the refinement and elevation of moral sentiment in our working-classes will be attained. Fortunately, the move has at last been made in the right direction, and all thanks are due to those who have so energetically devoted their valuable time and talents to the "People's Entertainment" and Kyrle Societies. But we want more cheap music yet. The high-class concerts which have been cited before are the best that could possibly be for those who can afford to go to them ; but it is not every one who can do this. And till these can hear equally good programmes—"Star" performers of equal magnitude cannot, of course, be asked for—by competent and rising *artistes*, the work of popularizing and spreading a taste for good music is not done. At present the English School of Music can scarcely be said to have specially marked out its own characteristics. It is too young for that, and its style has yet to develop itself, but it gives promise of a healthy and sound science allied to melody. Of the melody we may remark that the mass of English tunes—real tunes—are lacking in the indefinable quality of elegance of phrase ; but that when an English composer does achieve elegance, he surpasses even in that quality the weaker grace of Italy.

The boy who intends to make music the study of his life has no further need to go abroad to do so. He can study equally well in London, for no *conservatoire* will give him a better technical education than the Royal College of Music or the old Academy of Music offers him at home. The advantages of an English training in music will soon become apparent. The rising generations of our composers and performers will be thoroughly English, not only in birth, but also in education ; and so our music must eventually partake of this national element. There is no fear that such a system will narrow down either our knowledge of, or our

admiration for, the works of foreign composers. Our music will probably become as national as our literature if we may take the word national in a large sense. For the English Teuton nation is undoubtedly helped to musical achievement by the work of her Jewish and Irish sons.

But, while keeping and developing the national characteristics, music will assuredly become, in another sense, more and more international. Music needs no translation, and Continental programmes are beginning to show the names of English composers. The presence of Liszt in Rome has produced a school of Italian *interpretative* musicians who are more German than the Germans, and who have definitively rejected the contemporary music of their own countrymen. But Italian, French, and German audiences will gradually take the liberal attitude of the English, who shut their ears to the works of no country—whether they come from Grieg, in remote Norway; Dvôrâk, the Bohemian; Liszt, the Hungarian; Brahms, the German; Gounod, the Frenchman; or Boïto, the Italian.

M. F. BILLINGTON.

A Young Hero.*

SO when the time had come that he should shape
 The fashion of his life, he would not stay
 Under his native hills, but moved by love
 Of free adventure, and the warrior's hopes
 Of honour and advancement, longed to go
 Far, to that Eastern realm beyond the seas.
 And in due course he sailed, and with him went
 Blessings from every heart, and for his dower
 Only his trusty sword and honest heart.
 And after many days, and ups and downs
 Of travel, and from perils of the sea
 Escaped, he landed on those distant shores.
 And there, remembering the fond hearts at home,
 And how *their* loss of him, as *his* of them,

* It was the deep conviction of the devout Ambrose Phillipps de Lisle that the close of this century would witness two changes in the political order of the civilized world, destined to transform completely what remains of the mediæval structure of Christendom. The one was the abolition of the Temporal Power of the Pope; and the other, the destruction of the imperial power of the Ottoman Turks. The reasons for this conviction he gave to the world in a little book entitled, "Mahomedanism in its relation to Prophecy," which was published in 1855, during the purposeless Crimean War. The Emperor Alexander then wished us to take Egypt and to leave Turkey to its fate. In the year 1856, amongst the brave young soldiers who left England to return no more, was Mr. De Lisle's second son, Everard Lisle Phillipps, who was killed, after winning the Victoria Cross, at the close of the fighting in the streets of Delhi on the 17th of September, 1857. The lines which are now printed for the first time were then composed by the young hero's cousin, the late Maurice Purcell Fitz-Gerald, who died in 1867, and were lost to view till the other day, when they were accidentally found by the widowed mother, who has once more to mourn an heroic son, dead on a Moslem battlefield. The characters of the two brothers were so much alike, that the death song of the one might have been composed for the other—Lieutenant Rudolf de Lisle, R.N.—who fell at Abu Klea.

Needed alike from each support and help,
Wrote ever uncomplainingly, as one
Full of strong hopes and manly confidence.
And so, while twice the seasons came and went,
In practice of his duties he abode,
And, ever active, studied what might serve
For future use, the laws and languages,
The manners and the customs of the land :
And, among Buddha's worshippers, and those
Who bow to the false Prophet, kept his faith
Firm, so that all men loved and trusted him,
Nor ever scandal with envenomed tongue
Breathed on his fair repute : and all was well,
Till in the third year the great trouble came.

And in the third year the great trouble came,
And, like a mighty shoreward-rolling wave,
Bore all before it, until all the land
Was full of treason, stained by bloody acts
Of perfidy, and treacherous device.
And up to heaven the cry of women rose
And children ; and but few were there to help,
But of those few was *he* : since by his side
On the first day, in arms, his Colonel* fell :
And after, through that summer's fierce campaign,
Across the burning plains, through villages
Plundered and desolate, he fought his way,
Nor ever flinched, nor sought excuse for rest
Which, wounded and exhausted, he might well
Have claimed ; for well in his brave heart he knew
How much depended on each single hand,
(Each being but one among ten thousand foes,)
For safety of their countrywomen's lives

* Colonel Finnis.

And of their children's : and for maintenance,
All loyally, of their good Sovereign's rights.
Little reck'd he of danger or of risk !
For once, while labouring in a mid-day march,
Under that furnace glare, a craven shot
Pierced through a powder waggon, and it burst
With a great crash, and those who were around,
Wounded or dead, fell bleeding to the earth :
And he fell too, scarce knowing, when the cloud
Rolled slowly onward, *which* his eyes beheld,
This world, or ghostly visions of the next.
But not the less hasted to lead his men
On to a village where the rebels stood
At bay ; and drave them thence towards the hills,
And lest it should again afford retreat
Or cover, gave the village to the flames,
While from the hills the deadly shower rained
Of shot and shell upon their dauntless heads.
But now the sun was high, and worn with toil,
And parched with burning thirst, his comrades lay
Half-dead around him ; and with piteous eyes,
And gasping sobs, asked, "water, or we die."
Then quickly from their midst he took his way,
Over the ashes of the smouldering town,
Down to the river-side : alone, the mark
Of thousand bullets, and of thousand foes
Bloody with hate, and frantic for his death.
But then High Heaven smiled on him, and unscathed,
Through all the thick of that hell-storm, he bore
His precious burden, and, returning, gave
To those who languished for it : and the news
Ran through the land of that bold deed, and more
And more his fame increased from day to day.

And on across the arid plains they marched,
Until they touched the centre of the war,
The royal city, Delhi, once the seat
Of Timoor and of Akbar, Aurungzebe,
And many a mighty name in Eastern war,
And grave of many an ancient dynasty :
Under whose walls for three long months they lay
Besieging, grimly waiting for the end.
As on some naked rock a vulture waits
Gaunt, worn with hunger, and with steadfast eye
Expectant, till below him in the plain
The stricken victim, wearied with death-throes,
Tires into helplessness ; then with fell swoop
Descends, and drains his life-blood : so that band
Waited without the city, all intent
On vengeance, patient till their hour should come.
And they within, full knowing that the time
For mercy was gone by, no longer sought
Nor cared to seek it : but with tenfold hate
And tenfold strength (strength lent them by despair)
Fought, and from every tower and vantage ground
Bellowed their cannon, and the iron hail
Flew, from first morning to the close of day.
And often in the still night, as they saw
The long lines of our watchfires on the heights
Gleam through the midnight mist, each light an eye
To fix them spellbound, and forbid escape,
A quick resolve would seize them, through the gates
Sudden would rush their legions, unawares
If haply they might pierce the investing lines
That lay a barrier from all hope of life—
But ever, after furious clash of arms,
And hand-to-hand encounter, they were driven
Back to their prison walls ; and so they drew

Nearer and ever nearer to their doom.
But in due time the wished-for day arrived
Of victory : and through the city gates
(The prize of labour now within their grasp)
Rushed like a torrent the avenging force—
And once more ere he fell, a glory shed
Undying lustre o'er his latest days :
For, as they neared the walls, before them rose,
All grim with bristling arms, a vantage ground,
The "*Water Bastion* : " whence a deadly fire
Opposed all onward passage, till the chief
Bade an assault be made, that they might wrest
Possession from their foes : but they to whom
The office was entrusted quailed and flinched :
Till he, with but seven others, dashed in front,
And through the storm of bullets passed, and scaled,
And cleared the height : and there maintained his
ground
Till succours came : while all men held their breath,
Because, so ghastly was the risk, they thought
That he must fall : but fall he did not *then*,
And had he lived, as guerdon for that deed,
He would have worn in triumph on his breast
The cross which Emperors would die to gain,
"*For Valour* : " but the stern fates willed it not.
For yet three days, and through the narrow streets,
Slippery with carnage, while he fought his way,
And nobly cheered his brave companions on,
And sheltered them from danger, through his brain
Tore a swift bullet, and, without a groan,
Dead, on the day of victory, he fell.

Dead, before his race was run :
Dead, his work but just begun :
Name and fame so early won !

Better, though no friendly eyes
Watch, where in deep peace he lies,
Distant, under other skies ;

There to sleep the hours away
Till the trump on earth's last day
Stir once more his lifeless clay ;

Than to feel how added years
Change our fairest hopes to fears,
Change our brightest smiles to tears ;

And to wonder, helpless, how
Care prints lines along a brow
Smooth as alabaster now ;

And in wintry age to cast
Lingering looks at springtime past,
"Would those days had been my last !"

Such was not his lot ; our choice
Should be for him to rejoice
Ever, and with thankful voice

Heavenward raise the suppliant hymn,
"Dona ei requiem,
Sempiternam requiem."

MAURICE PURCELL FITZ-GERALD.

Reviews and Views.

MR. CABLE belongs, by reason of his habitually fine observation, and of the tact with which he stops on this side of too much explanation, to that school of American literature which is best known in the person of Mr. Henry James. Like the above-named novelist, and unlike Mr. Howells, he likes to use the impressionary style now and then, and allows his readers to judge from the outward effect. But he has qualities of freshness and nature which distinguish him among his contemporaries, and—rarer still—he has impassioned sympathies and convictions, and does not spend his labour upon the trivialities of life. Readers of "Dr. Sevier" must feel something like love for its author's work, which certainly did not spare their sensibility to pathos. And for the sake of that noble book, Mr. Cable's new work, on "The Creoles of Louisiana," will doubtless be welcomed in England. One of the charms of the novel was its presentment of races and of language in New Orleans, and there we saw enough of the Creole to make us willing to learn more. Mr. Cable's present study is historical and topographical, written without effort at effect. He tells us first what the Creoles are—a point on which readers on this side of the Atlantic have generally no very distinct idea. And even in Louisiana, it appears, the question would be variously answered, the name itself being of altogether doubtful etymology. The Creole proper, however, is usually allowed to be the descendant of French or of Spanish settlers. Persons who mix African blood with French and Spanish call themselves, but are not called by others, Creoles; but there are no Italian or Scotch or Irish or American Creoles. Neither Spanish nor American domination has taken from them their French vernacular. The

race records a varied history ; it played a more important part than the world knows in leading the Republican movement in Colonial America. The illustrations to Mr. Cable's volume are admirable.

In many senses the most important picture yet produced by the painter of the "Roll Call" is that which she will exhibit at the Royal Academy this year—"After the Battle." It is a work achieved in the maturity of power, which could hardly be said for the notable picture which took London by surprise, and which will always be associated with Mrs. Butler's name. The exceptional quality of draughtsmanship was there at first, so were the virile dramatic conception and the sympathy with, and understanding of, the separate soldier. But to these the artist has added a greater accomplishment of execution—an ease and vigour of manner. "After the Battle" shows the front of the British army at the moment when the field of Tel-el-Kebir was finally decided. The advance from the top of the hill—Tel-el-Kebir itself, which catches the brightest gleam of the opening morning—may be traced in the distant background, partly by the line of artillery. In the middle distance is the captured camp—in the immediate foreground the beginning of the bridge that spans the canal. The staff have advanced so far, and the Highlanders, to right and left, pause in their rush for water, after the wild work of the night, to cheer the General, who reins in his charger. The artist has made us feel the tension of intelligence and command in every line and muscle of the light figure, rising in the stirrups, with a tight grip of the knees, as the hind quarters of the horse give way under the sudden rein. There is irresponsible enthusiasm in the worn but excited faces turned to cheer the chief. But Lord Wolseley has the shadows of thought over his still watchful

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